EARLY

SOLILOQUIES

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Early Soliloquies.

1

IN silent waiting while I muse,
And solitary lie,
When Sleep departeth from mine Eyes,
Then unto God I'le crie.

2

Who in *still small Voice* doth appear
Unto his hidden ones,
Who from his Law turn not their Ears:
He noticeth their Groans.

3

Of humane Convers when depriv'd,
Give Fellowship with Thee,
Eternal Fountain of all Bless,
That better'd I may be.

Jacob.

Jacob with th' Angel wreſtl'd all night,
Unbleſs'd would not depart:
Mount, mount my Soul, till Day dawn, and
Day-ſtar riſe in my Heart.

5

Many they have their Bodies pain'd
And troubled are in mind:
Grant Health unto thy Servant, Lord,
And true Peace make to find.

6

Some mortal Tutelars do chooſe
Their Watch-men for to be;
Let Angels, *Spirits miniſtring*,
Be Guardians to me.

7

When I do hear the Winds to blow,
Of changes every where;
Bleſs'd Spirit breath, and elevate
Unto a higher Sphere.

8

The ſtriking Clock ſhews winged Time
Still flies moſt ſpeedilie;
Time to redeem, Lord, teach, and let
Me ever be with Thee.

The

The merry Birds, the Lord them feeds,
Who neither ſow nor reap;
Let me not murmure upon whom
Great bleſſings Thou doeſt heap.

10

The Cock by crowing, ſlothful Man
To Diligence doth call;
Make good and faithfull then, my God,
In thee rejoice I ſhall.

11

This early Wakener e're he crow,
Himſelf doth move and raiſe;
Let all within me be ſtir'd up
Thy holy Name to praiſe.

12

Saint *Peter* heard the Cock to crow,
For's fault wept bitterlie;
Let Sin, the Source of ill, be ſtill
Diſpleaſing unto me.

13

Fowls of the Air they ſing becauſe
Of Light that draweth near;
In greateſt troubles I will hope,
For Jeſus ſhall appear.

His presence with poor sinful Man,
Whilst in this House of Clay,
It doth the darkest Mid-night turn
Into a pleasant Day.

15

This spotless Sun all clouds dispells
Of Sin and Miserie,
Happy they are, who look to him
In Life, and when they Die.

16

When Night is gone, then all the Stars
From our Horizon run;
Our Star-light Knowledg will away,
When shines the brightest Sun.

17

The Planets King ascends till from
Zenith he dart a Ray,
In Grace help more and more to grow
Until the perfect Day.

18

In purest Regions all are pure,
No ill can enter in,
Where the Inhabi ants are free
From Punishment and Sin.

For Mine and Thine there is no Noise,
And no Contention,
Their Heav'nly Father's Glory, and
Their Interest are one.

20

Divided Subjects, tott'ring Crowns,
In Heaven are not found,
Subjects are Kings, Kings without Foes,
For all in Love are bound.

21

The Revolutions of this life,
Doe make me think upon
That State where dwels Eternity,
With Satisfaction.

22

Where Verity is joyned with
Infallibility.
And *Catholic* doth truly reign
With perfect Charity.

23

The King is Love, the Law is Love,
And there Love faileth never.
Make me to dwell in Love on Earth,
That live I may for ever.

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For Mine and Thine there is no Mine,
And no Dimension,
Their Heav'nly Father's Glory, and
Their Interest are one.

20

Divided Subjects, tott'ring Crowns,
In Heaven are not found,
Subjects are Kings, Kings without Foes,
For all in Love are found.

21

The Revolutions of this life,
Do make me think upon
That State where dwels Eternity,
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Where Verity is joyned with
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The King is Love, the Law is Love,
And there Love fulfilleth never,
Make me to dwell in Love on Earth,
That Love I may for ever.

FINIS